DC UNIVERSE
1
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BEWARE MY POWER!
THE GREEN LANTERN
MORRISON
SHARP
OLIFF
EARTHMAN
HAL JORDAN
BRINGS JUSTICE
TO THE STARS!
INTERGALACTIC LAWMAN

They have a mission.
But don't tell the
Justice League.
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TYLER KIRKHAM
BATMAN
AND THE OUTSIDERS
DC UNIVERSE
WRITTEN BY BRYAN HILL
ART BY DEXTER SOY
A NEW ONGOING SERIES BEGINNING IN
DECEMBER

DC
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THE GREEN LANTERN 1 MORRISON • SHARP • OLIFF

GREEN LANTERNS!
SECTOR 2018.2!
REPORT!

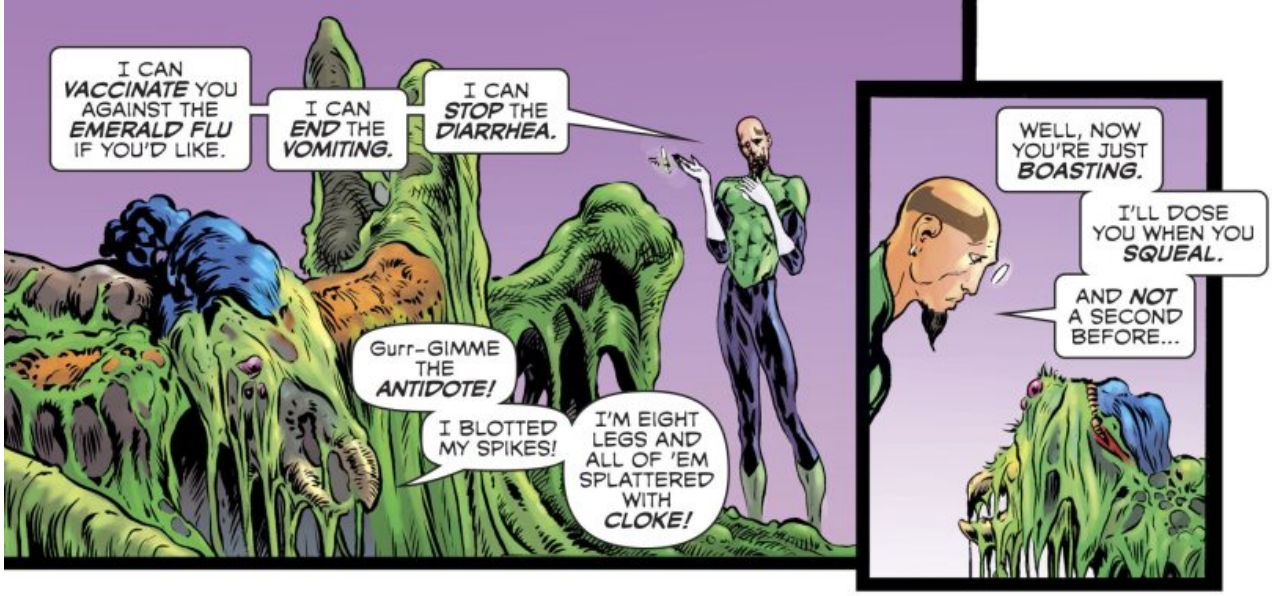
I BEG YOUR PARDON?
MAXIM TOX, LANTERN 2018.2: CURRENTLY ENGAGED IN COMBAT!
PLEASE DON'T MAKE ME LOSE MY CONCENTR--
TRRRAAFF!
SIX HONDRETH DROOBLES UNN THE GRUNNE LANTHORN TAY WINNE, SORBAN!
AGUNNST YON VEGAN SPIDER-PIRATE?
INNIT TAY WINNIT, MY ROKK!
AAA
THAT WAS MY FAVORITE FINGER, YOU SAVAGE!
ARACHNO-SAPIENS!
SO BITEY ALL THE TIME!

URRFF
GIT!
THIS TRICKSHAW IS MINE!
GEEPS!
YIK YIK YIK!
YE'LL NEVER CATCH US NOW, COPPER!
I WON'T HAVE TO.
MY PARTNER, GREEN LANTERN FLOOZLE FLEM, IS A SUPER-INTELLIGENT ALL-PURPOSE VIRUS.
REPLICATING IN YOUR BLUE BLOODSTREAM AS WE SPEAK.
FLOOZLE FLEM DOESN'T CATCH YOU...
...YOU CATCH FLOOZLE FLEM.

WHURR?
AORR-
CHOFF!
SNORRF!

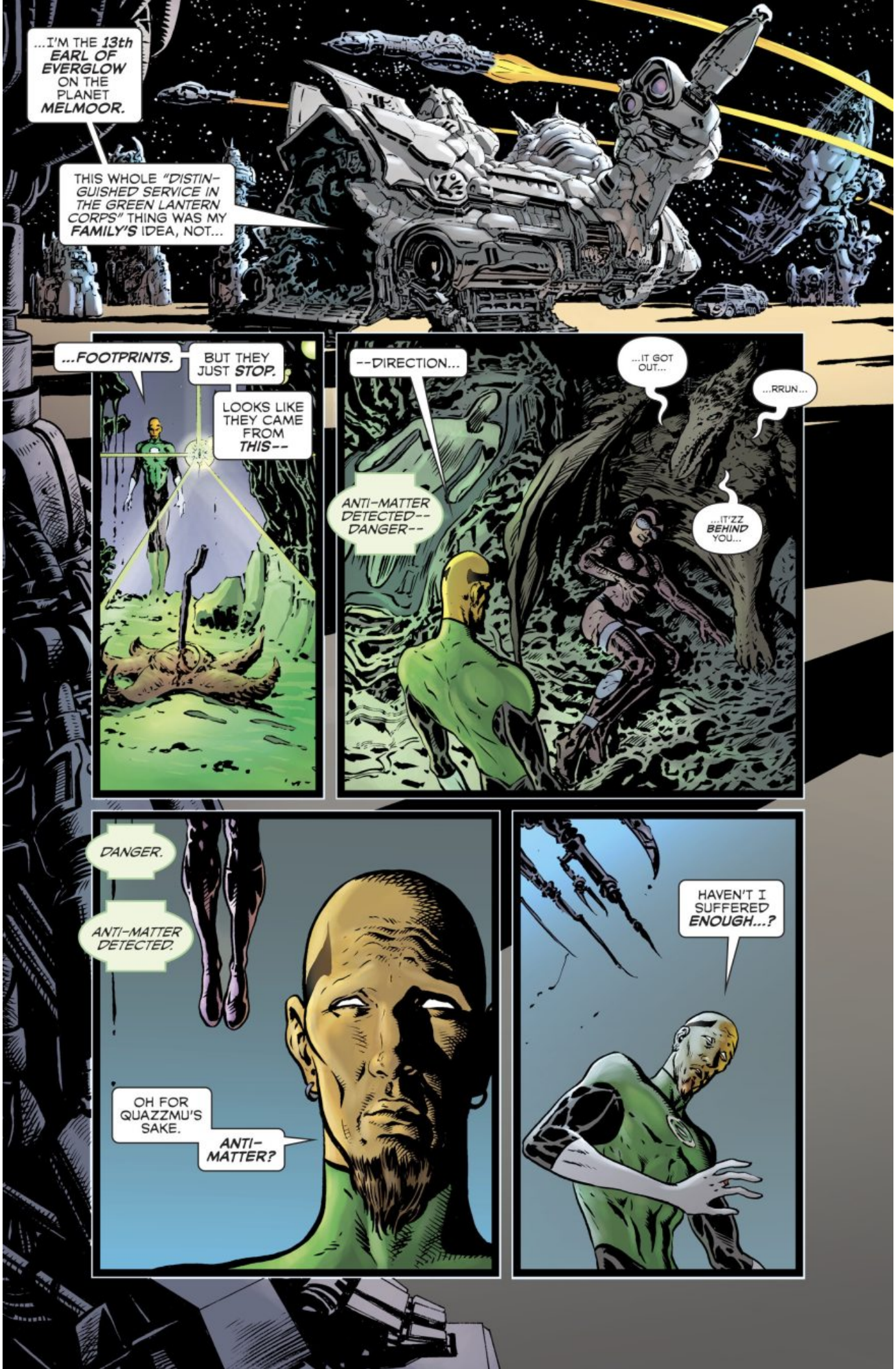
GLORRT
HUUURRCH

GEEPS!
YORRRCH!
FLAART!


I CAN VACCINATE YOU AGAINST THE EMERALD FLU IF YOU'D LIKE.
I CAN END THE VOMITING.
I CAN STOP THE DIARRHEA.
Gurr-GIMME THE ANTIDOTE!
I BLOTTED MY SPIKES!
I'M EIGHT LEGS AND ALL OF 'EM SPLATTERED WITH CLOKE!
WELL, NOW YOU'RE JUST BOASTING.
I'LL DOSE YOU WHEN YOU SQUEAL.
AND NOT A SECOND BEFORE...

WHATEVER INFORMATION IS REQUIRED, THE GUARDIANS WILL EXTRACT IT FROM YOU EVENTUALLY, EIGHT LEGS.
BE LIKE THE BLESSED QUAZZMU; BE REASONABLE.
I NAILED THE LAST OF THEM, TOX.
SIZE-SHIFTER.
TRICKED HIM INTO THE BOTTLE WITH HIS FAVORITE SMELL OF LIMES.
klikkit 10010100 klik!
CAN YOU BELIEVE THESE IDIOTS THOUGHT IT WAS A GOOD IDEA TO STEAL FROM THE LUCK LORDS OF VENTURA?
LET'S LOAD 'EM INTO A MEAT WAGON.
BUCK-BUCK AW!

AH-CHOOF!
...SERIOUSLY, I'M APPALLED BY THE LACK OF FACILITIES ON SOME OF THESE PLANETS.
IS IT JUST ME?
YES.
EXCUSE ME.
THAT SNEEZE WAS FLOOZLE FLEM SAYING HELLO, BY THE WAY.
LANTERN FLEM TELLS ME YOU'VE WORKED TOGETHER PREVIOUSLY, CHRISELON...
POSITIVE.
IT IS INDEED SO.
RECOLLECTED IN FACET STORAGE, POSITIVE.
TOX TO GUARDIANS: PRISONERS ARE SECURE ABOARD MEAT WAGON, IN TRANSIT...ET CETERA...
...A VERITABLE WHO'S WHO OF SPACE BASTARDS, I MIGHT ADD.
BUT THERE SHOULD BE MORE-- AND THEIR BOSS IS STILL AT LARGE.
SEEMS YOU TWO HAVE CRIME TO INVESTI-GATE.
CHARMING.
I'LL TAKE THIS ONE, TRILLA-TRU...

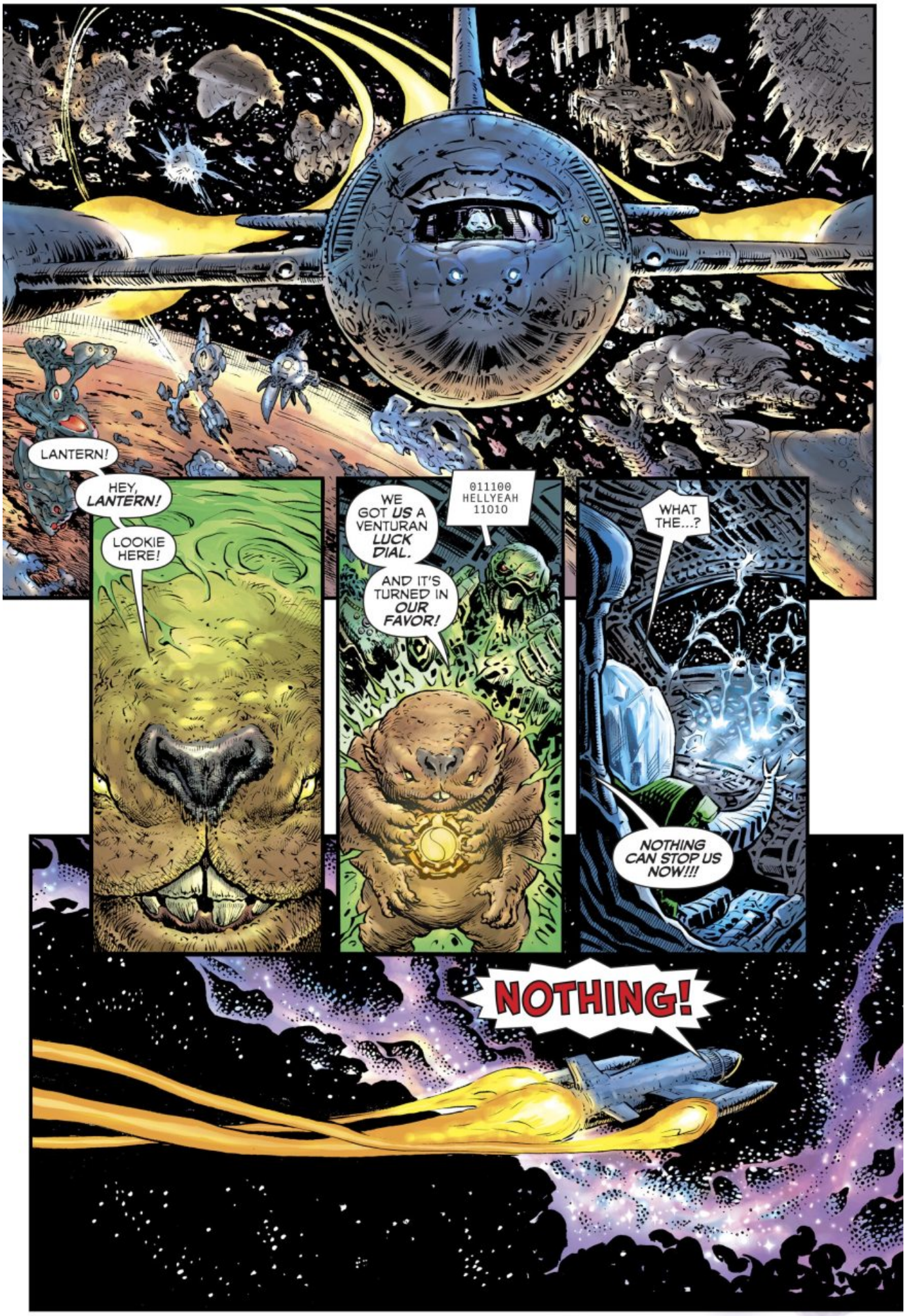

...I'M THE 13th EARL OF EVERGLOW ON THE PLANET MELMOOR.
THIS WHOLE "DISTINGUISHED SERVICE IN THE GREEN LANTERN CORPS" THING WAS MY FAMILY'S IDEA, NOT...
...FOOTPRINTS.
BUT THEY JUST STOP.
LOOKS LIKE THEY CAME FROM THIS--
--DIRECTION...
ANTI-MATTER DETECTED-- DANGER--
...IT GOT OUT...
...RRUN...
...IT'ZZ BEHIND YOU...
DANGER.
ANTI-MATTER DETECTED.
OH FOR QUAZZMU'S SAKE.
ANTI-MATTER?
HAVEN'T I SUFFERED ENOUGH...?

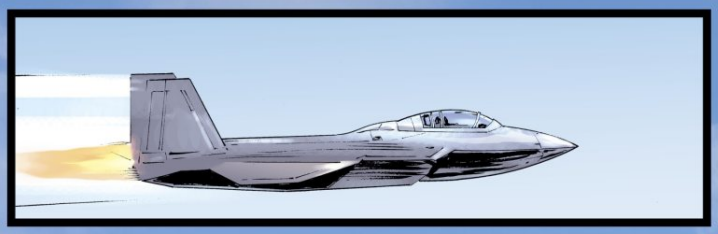
...AND WHAT ABOUT THIS *DAMAGE* TO OUR *PLACE?*

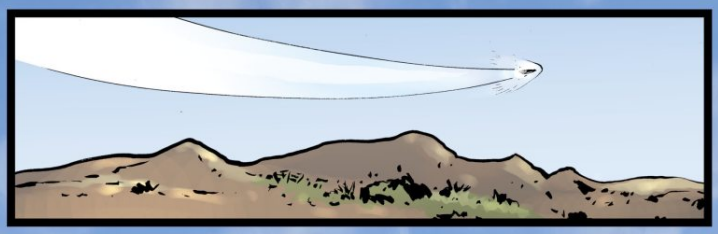
WE DESERVE THE RIGHT TO *PUNISH* THESE MISCREANTS.

TELL ME YOU RETRIEVED THE STOLEN *LUCK DIAL* THEY USED AGAINST US.

"MISCREANTS"?


LANTERN!
HEY, LANTERN!
LOOKIE HERE!
WE GOT US A VENTURAN LUCK DIAL.
AND IT'S TURNED IN OUR FAVOR!
011100 HELLYEAH 11010
WHAT THE...?
NOTHING CAN STOP US NOW!!!
NOTHING!

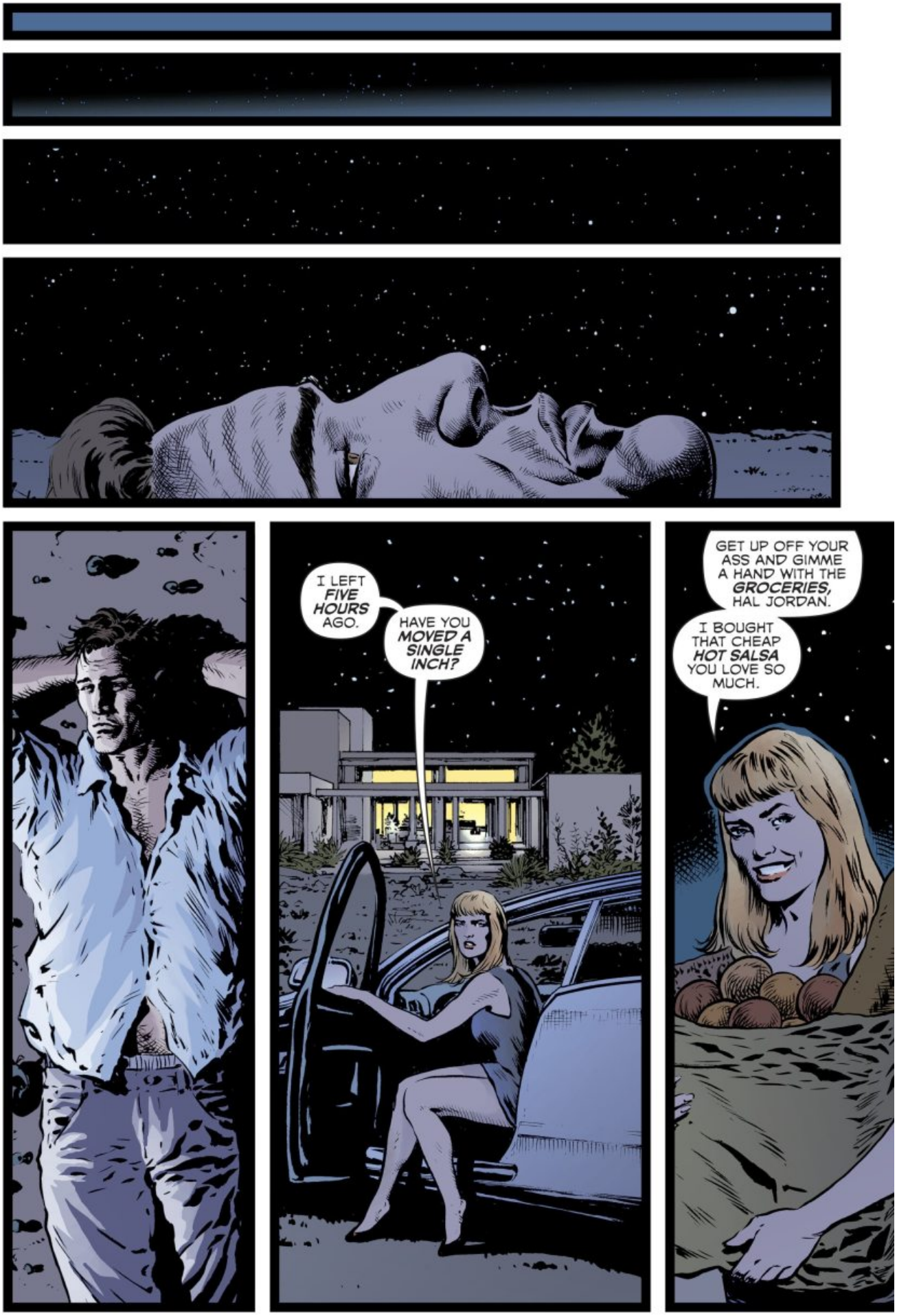




INTERGALACTIC LAWMAN

GRANT MORRISON
WRITER
LIAM SHARP
ARTIST

STEVE OLIFF
COLORIST
TOM ORZECHOWSKI
LETTERER
LIAM SHARP & STEVE OLIFF
COVER
FRANK QUITELY
VARIANT COVER
JESSICA CHEN
ASSOCIATE EDITOR
BRIAN CUNNINGHAM
EDITOR

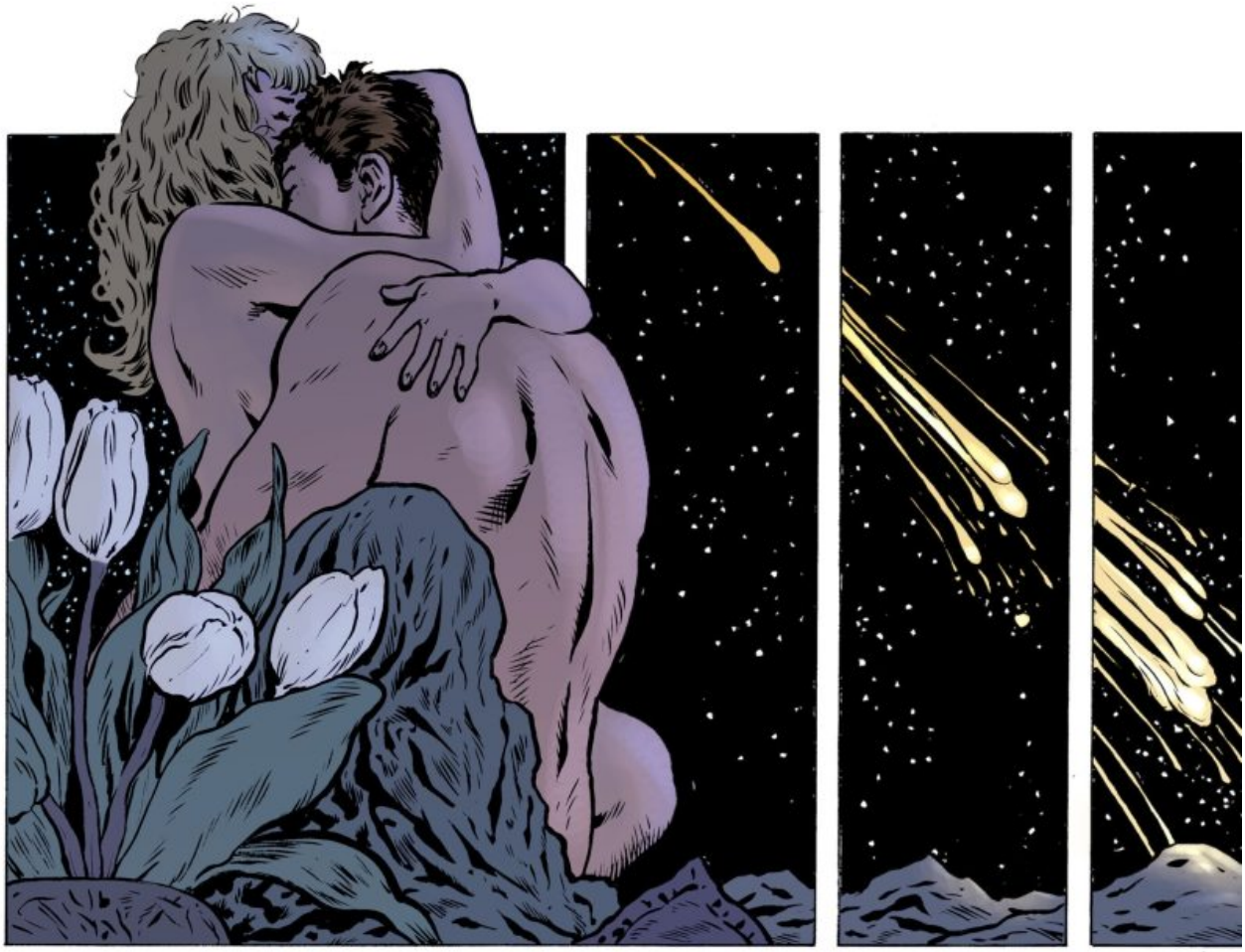

I LEFT FIVE HOURS AGO.
HAVE YOU MOVED A SINGLE INCH?
GET UP OFF YOUR ASS AND GIMME A HAND WITH THE GROCERIES, HAL JORDAN.
I BOUGHT THAT CHEAP HOT SALSA YOU LOVE SO MUCH.

HOW MUCH OF THIS EMERGENCY VITAMIN C DOES A HEALTHY PERSON NEED, EVE?
I LOST MY JOB AGAIN.
PUMPING GAS AT THE ALL-NIGHT 52-PICKUP.
YOU WERE A TEST PILOT FOR FERRIS.
TEST PILOT IS A BIG DEAL, HAL.
THAT'S JOB DELUXE, ONE IN A MILLION.

BUT THEN YOU DECIDE YOU'D RATHER BE A TRAVELING SALES REP FOR A TOY COMPANY.
NEXT YOU'RE SELLING INSURANCE, NOW...

MY REAL JOB ALWAYS CAME FIRST.
INSUBORDINATION, RIGHT? THAT'S WHAT GOT YOU FIRED AGAIN.
LIKE EVERY OTHER TIME.
HAL JORDAN...

YEAH, I KNOW.
I HATE ME, TOO.



...WELL, SAYONARA, SUCKER!
HUH?
A GREETING, RIGHT?
WAS MINE INTEL IN ERROR?
OHPS!
I'M GUESSING ENGLISH MAY NOT BE YOUR MOTHER TONGUE, PAL.
HUNGRY?
ENN-LEESH MOTHER?
TONGUE?
BODY PART?
TONGUE?

=KKEFFFNNF=
YOU HITCHING-HIKE, YAM?
ONLY CRAZIES HITCHY-HUNK NOWADAYUH.
UNT YOU SCARED?
I DON'T DO SCARED.
I COULDN'T HELP BUT NOTICE THE DISTINCTIVE FLEHMEN RESPONSE, LIKE A CAT, WHEN YOU ENCOUNTERED THE GUACAMOLE IN MY BURRITO.
REACTION'S TYPICAL OF THE HORMINTH COLLECTIVE FROM CLUSTER-WORLD 3.
YOU'RE NOT HUMAN.
AND THESE FRIENDS OF YOURS...?
AH, YOU NIPPED IT OUTRIGHT.
THEY "AIN'T HUMAN" EITHER, SPACE POLIZEI!
GET HIM!
YOU WANNA FIGHT?
SEE, I LIKE FIGHTING.
ALIENS, HUMANS...

GNNUH!
I'LL FIGHT ANY FOOL WHO'S GAME.
AND I GOT NOTHIN' BETTER TO DO RIGHT NOW--
CUT OFF THE RING!
CUT OFF THE RING!
DON'T LOOK AT THEM, HONEY.
BUM-FIGHT CHAMPIONSHIPS.
THEY'RE IN TRAINING.
WE ALREADY ESTABLISHED YOU'RE FROM CLUSTER**** 3.
YAY!
BUMS RULE!

YOU'RE A COLONY CREATURE!
YOU'RE ALL ONE THING.
ALL I GOTTA DO--
--IS LOCATE WHAT PASSES FOR YOUR BRAIN!
HOYT!
THERE.
NOW.
HOW THE HELL DID YOU WIND UP HERE?
...OKAY...
DÉJÀ VU NOTWITHSTANDING...

MY GOD.
WHAT HAPPENED TO *YOU?*
CHRISELON?
GO ELVBFU REZ
EGKKK LANTERN-- LANTERRKK
REZ EGKKK *KJJJORDAN GL 2814.1,* THAT'S *RIGHT.*
WE *WORKED* TOGETHER, *CHRISELON.*
YOU OKAY?
RVZ *EN ROUTE* BGRUZ VENTURA TO *OA* WITH PRISONERS FOR PROCESSING--
ACCIDENT IN *OVERSPACE...*
...TELL PROTOCRYSTAL SOLUTES WE LOVE THEM VERY MUCH--
TELL 'EM YOURSELF.
YOU'RE NOT DYING.
I'M GETTING YOU *OUT* OF HERE.
I'LL NEVER MAKE IT...I LET THEM LOOSE...
THREE OF THE *DEADLIEST KILLERS* IN THE *GALAXY.*
IF THEY REACH *POPULATION CENTERS,* THE DEVASTATION WILL BE *TERRIBLE!*
GIMME THE *CASE DETAILS* AND *TWENTY MINUTES.*
HANG TIGHT.
I'LL *BE BACK.*

ONLY THING IS, I'M RUNNING ON FUMES AND I CAN'T RECHARGE MY RING.
GUARDIANS TOOK MY POWER BATTERY FOR "REPAIR AND UPGRADE."
THEN USE MINE, GREEN LANTERN!

IN BRIGHTEST DAY, IN BLACKEST NIGHT, NO EVIL SHALL ESCAPE MY SIGHT!
LET THOSE WHO WORSHIP EVIL'S MIGHT!
BEWARE MY POWER!
GREEN LANTERN'S LIGHT!

WE'RE HOLDING THIS ENTIRE CITY *HOSTAGE!*
UNDERSTAND?
ONE FALSE MOVE AND THE FINANCIAL DISTRICT *GETS* IT!
--snnrrf?
SPACE POLICE!
THE CRANE WIFE

NOBODY PANIC.
CHILL.
I'VE GOT THIS.
16 Tons
KLIKT

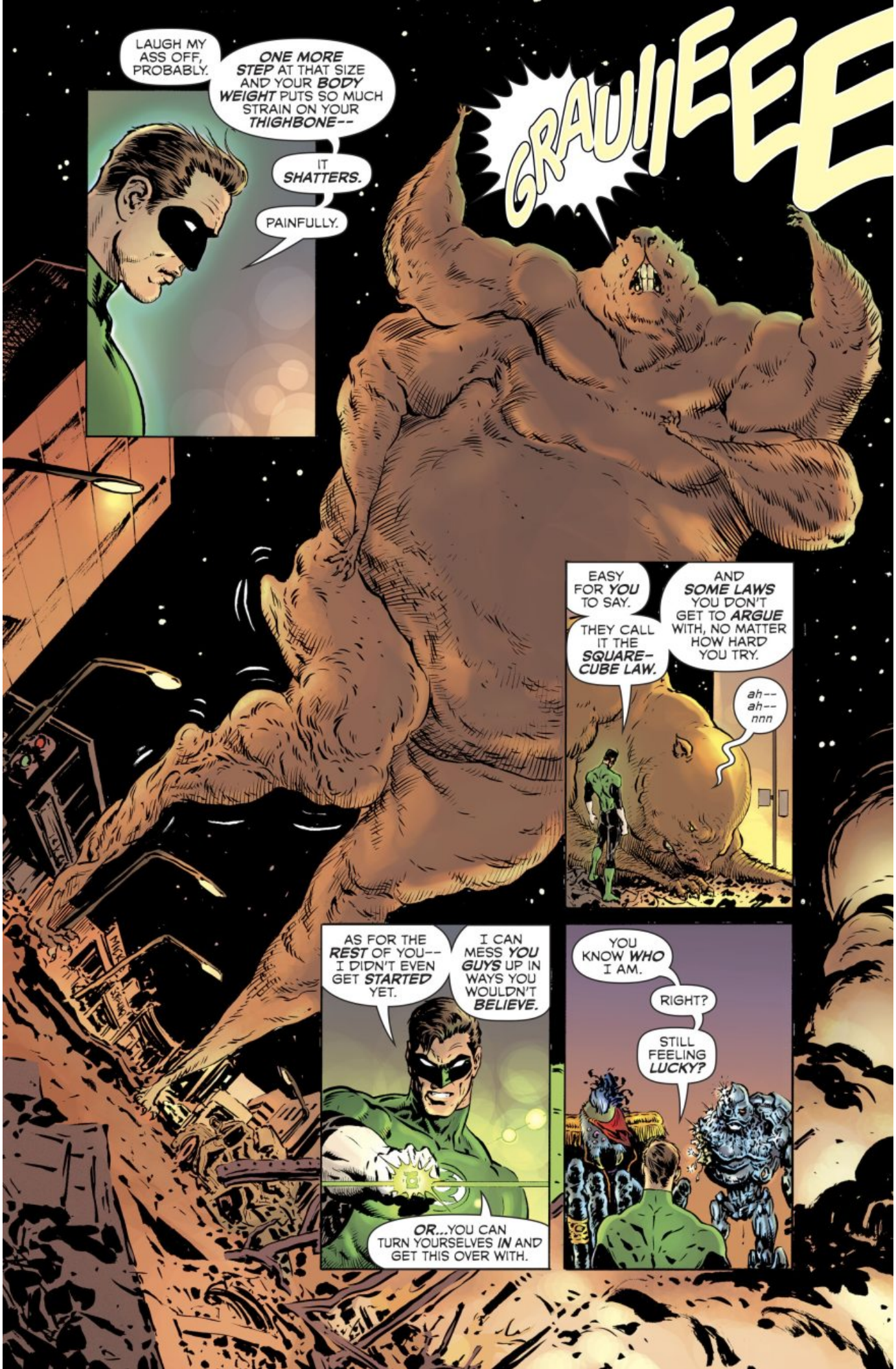
HE GOT KLIKKIT!
I HATE GREEN LANTERNS!
I HATE HUMANS!
WE GOT WUNN ADVANNAGE HE DUNNT HAVE!
LUCK DIAL, REMEMBER?
NO MATTER WHUTT HAPPENS, IT WURRX IN URR FAVOR!

SO?
YOU GOT DEMANDS?
I MEAN, NOW WE'RE ALL HERE.
URRRM

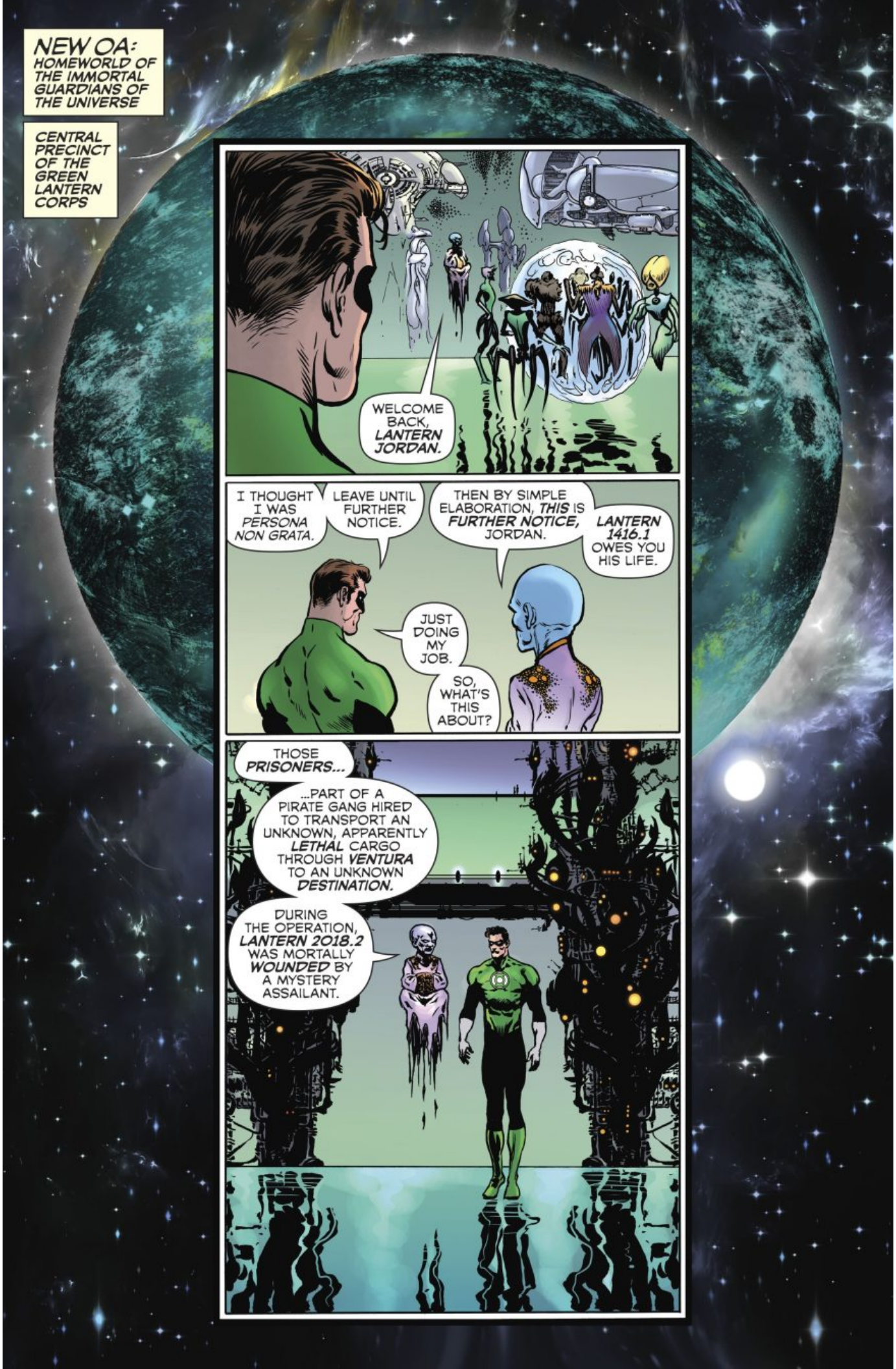
TELL HIM WE NEED STARWEB ACCESS!
A SPACESHIP!
Um-- SAFE PASSAGE UFF DISS PLANET.
AND LIMES. LOTSA LIMES.

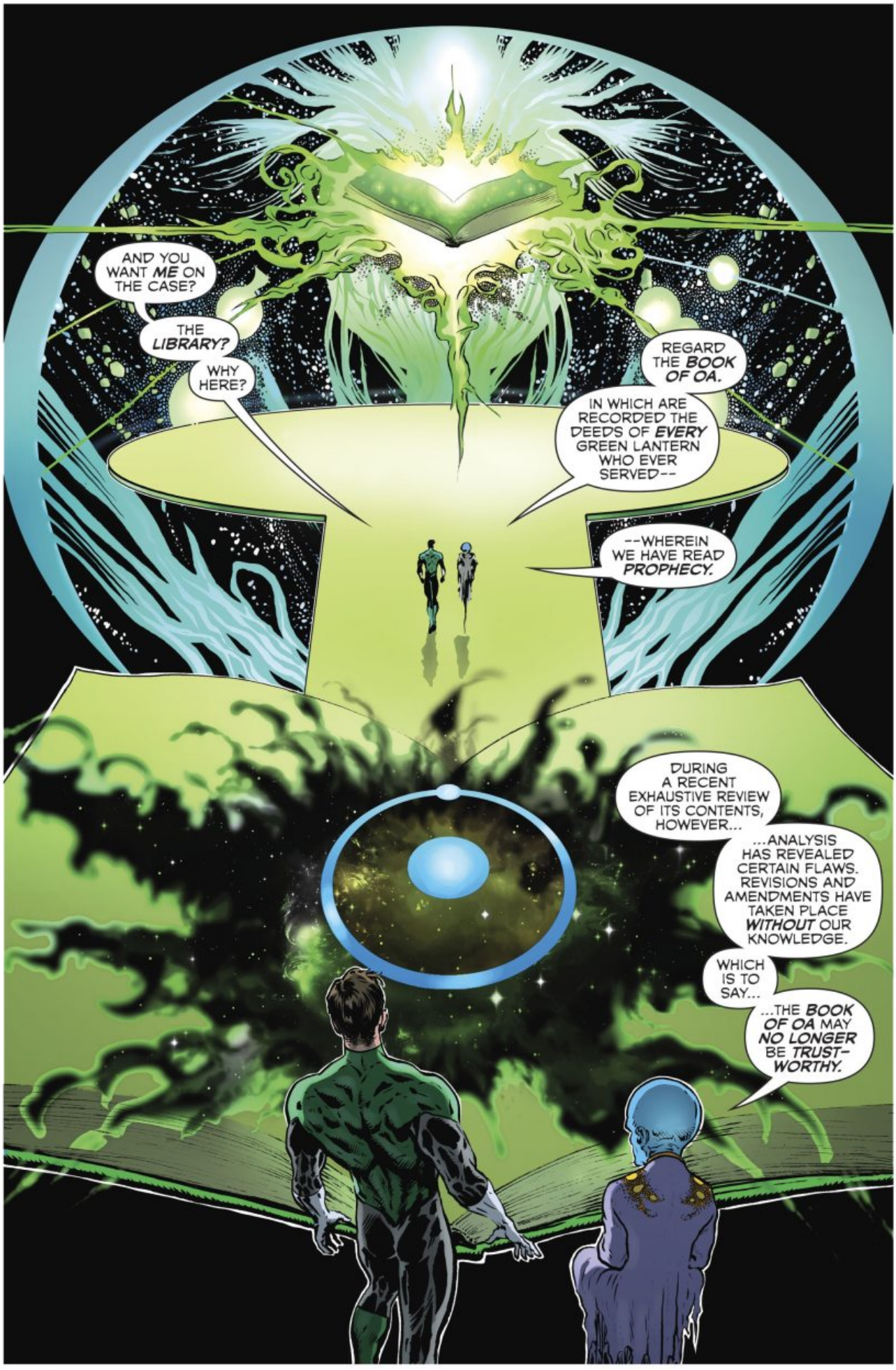
...A SPACESHIP, HUH?
I'M WARNING YOU!
DON'T COME ANY CLOSAAA--
SEE THIS?

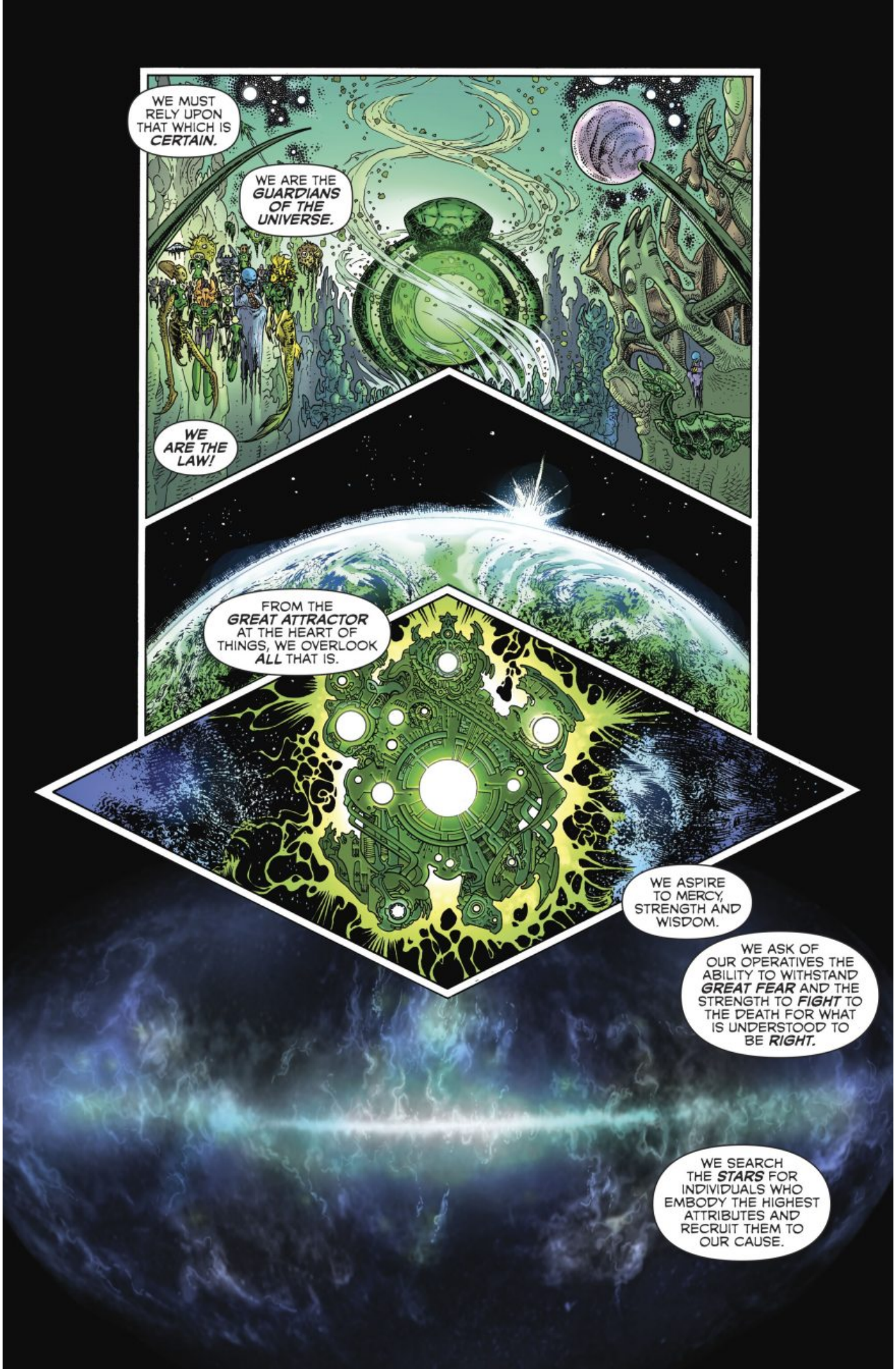
YEAH, YOU GOT BIG.
BUT NOT SO SMART.
YOU'RE A MEGANTHROPE-- ACCUSTOMED TO A MUCH LIGHTER GRAVITY...
SO, WHAT IF I GET EVEN BIGGER?
THEN WHAT WILL YOU DO?


LAUGH MY ASS OFF, PROBABLY.
ONE MORE STEP AT THAT SIZE AND YOUR BODY WEIGHT PUTS SO MUCH STRAIN ON YOUR THIGHBONE--
IT SHATTERS.
PAINFULLY.
GRAUIIEEE
EASY FOR YOU TO SAY.
THEY CALL IT THE SQUARE-CUBE LAW.
AND SOME LAWS YOU DON'T GET TO ARGUE WITH, NO MATTER HOW HARD YOU TRY.
ah-- ah-- nnn
AS FOR THE REST OF YOU-- I DIDN'T EVEN GET STARTED YET.
I CAN MESS YOU GUYS UP IN WAYS YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE.
OR...YOU CAN TURN YOURSELVES IN AND GET THIS OVER WITH.
YOU KNOW WHO I AM.
RIGHT?
STILL FEELING LUCKY?

VENTURA CASINO BOSSES USE THESE DIALS TO RIG PROBABILITY IN THEIR FAVOR...BUT THIS?
IT'S A FAKE.
YOU'VE BEEN RUNNING ON PLAIN OLD ORDINARY LUCK.
AND GUESS WHAT?
IT TURNED BAD.
GREEN LANTERN 2814.1.
REPORT IMMEDIATELY TO NEW OA.
SO, I'M BACK IN THE SADDLE?
OKAY.
NEW OA, IT IS.


NEW OA: HOMEWORLD OF THE IMMORTAL GUARDIANS OF THE UNIVERSE
CENTRAL PRECINCT OF THE GREEN LANTERN CORPS
WELCOME BACK, LANTERN JORDAN.
I THOUGHT I WAS PERSONA NON GRATA.
LEAVE UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.
THEN BY SIMPLE ELABORATION, THIS IS FURTHER NOTICE, JORDAN.
LANTERN 1416.1 OWES YOU HIS LIFE.
JUST DOING MY JOB.
SO, WHAT'S THIS ABOUT?
THOSE PRISONERS...
...PART OF A PIRATE GANG HIRED TO TRANSPORT AN UNKNOWN, APPARENTLY LETHAL CARGO THROUGH VENTURA TO AN UNKNOWN DESTINATION.
DURING THE OPERATION, LANTERN 2018.2 WAS MORTALLY WOUNDED BY A MYSTERY ASSAILANT.


AND YOU WANT ME ON THE CASE?
THE LIBRARY?
WHY HERE?
REGARD THE BOOK OF OA.
IN WHICH ARE RECORDED THE DEEDS OF EVERY GREEN LANTERN WHO EVER SERVED--
--WHEREIN WE HAVE READ PROPHECY.
DURING A RECENT EXHAUSTIVE REVIEW OF ITS CONTENTS, HOWEVER...
...ANALYSIS HAS REVEALED CERTAIN FLAWS. REVISIONS AND AMENDMENTS HAVE TAKEN PLACE WITHOUT OUR KNOWLEDGE.
WHICH IS TO SAY...
...THE BOOK OF OA MAY NO LONGER BE TRUST-WORTHY.


WE MUST RELY UPON THAT WHICH IS *CERTAIN.*
WE ARE THE *GUARDIANS OF THE UNIVERSE.*
WE ARE THE LAW!
FROM THE *GREAT ATTRACTOR* AT THE HEART OF THINGS, WE OVERLOOK *ALL* THAT IS.
WE ASPIRE TO MERCY, STRENGTH AND WISDOM.
WE ASK OF OUR OPERATIVES THE ABILITY TO WITHSTAND *GREAT FEAR* AND THE STRENGTH TO *FIGHT* TO THE DEATH FOR WHAT IS UNDERSTOOD TO BE *RIGHT.*
WE SEARCH THE *STARS* FOR INDIVIDUALS WHO EMBODY THE HIGHEST ATTRIBUTES AND RECRUIT THEM TO OUR CAUSE.

FROM THE LIGHTLESS OBSIDIAN DEEPS OF THE SUPERVOIDS.
TO THE SHATTERED SOURCE WALL THAT SEPARATES OUR MATERIAL UNIVERSE FROM SUBLIME AND NON-DUAL OMNI-AWARENESS.

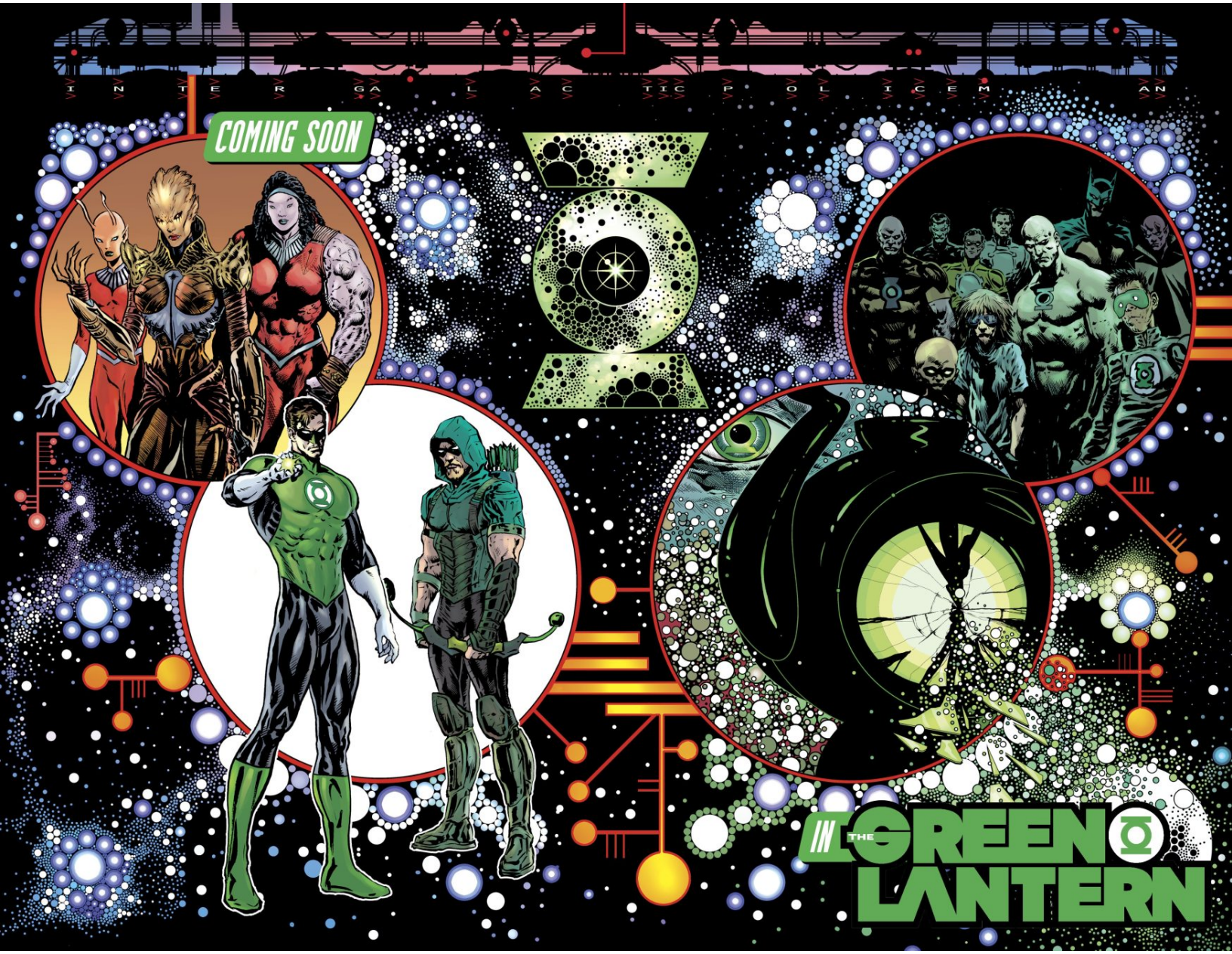
IN OUR SERVICE, THERE ARE X-RAY LANTERNS, RADIO LANTERNS, GAMMA LANTERNS, MICROWAVE LANTERNS.
THE REACH OF OUR PEACEKEEPING FORCE EXTENDS ACROSS ALL SCALES AND WAVELENGTHS.

FROM THE NANOSCOPIC TO THE UNSPEAKABLY IMMENSE.
WE HAVE CHAINED DEMONS, BANISHED DEATH, CONQUERED FEAR.
WE HAVE WELCOMED ALL SENTIENT LIFE INTO OUR CORPS...

...BUT ONE OF OUR LANTERNS SEEKS TO DESTROY US.
A TRAITOR WITHIN OUR RANKS WILL SHORTLY BE UNCOVERED.

WE ALREADY KNOW WHO IT WILL BE.
NOW DO YOU UNDERSTAND, JORDAN?
LET'S YOU AND I TALK, SHALL WE?

DEEP INSIDE
ASTEROID X:
HEADQUARTERS OF CONTROLLER MU'S BLACKSTARS
...WE HAVE SUCCESSFULLY RETRIEVED TWO OF THE FIVE COMPONENTS NECESSARY FOR THE CONSTRUCTION OF OUR ULTIMATE ASSET.
THIS IS ONLY THE BEGINNING.
WE HAVE THE LUCK DIAL.
NOW, AS MU PROMISED YOU, THE ANTI-MATTER LANTERN IS WITHIN OUR GRASP.
COMMENCE VIVISECTION!
EXTRACT THE HEART OF THE WEAPONEER!
TO BE CONTINUED


INTERGALACTIC POLICEMAN
COMING SOON
IN THE GREEN LANTERN

CAN A DIRTY COP FROM MARS BECOME A HERO ON EARTH?
MARTIAN MANHUNTER
WRITTEN BY
STEVE ORLANDO
ART BY
RILEY ROSSMO
A new 12-issue limited series
DECEMBER
DC
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GOING GREEN

Super-scribe Grant Morrison and veteran artist Liam Sharp dive deep into Hal Jordan's history for their new ongoing series, THE GREEN LANTERN!

WHAT IS THE MORRISON/SHARP VERSION OF A NEW TAKE ON GREEN LANTERN–BEYOND JUST THE "THE"?

GRANT MORRISON: The Green Lantern universe is one of the few DC corners that hasn't really changed. I mean, Hal Jordan's entire history is still pretty much intact. This is such a basic, simple concept: a space cop. How can we drive back to that simple concept, and make it feel as if it's quite new again–as if you're meeting it for the first time?

LIAM SHARP: I've always had a soft spot for the [pulp heroes]. My style, even though it's rooted in the present time, is definitely inspired by old-school creators.

IT SOUNDS LIKE AN APPROACH THAT GOES BACK TO BASICS FOR HAL JORDAN. WHAT'S YOUR TAKE ON HAL?

MORRISON: For me, it was about going back to what the hell happened to this guy. He gets this ring, he's adopted into an interplanetary police force, and basically all his relationships fall apart and he can't hold down a job. But he happens to be the greatest cosmic cop of all. We loved the disconnect of that: the beatnik idea of how Jordan has no home, he sleeps on friends' couches, he travels with nothing but his lantern and a rucksack. He's like a cowboy trying to survive in the 21st century.

SHARP: He's this unreconstructed male, which is interesting particularly now because no one really does that character anymore. People are a bit shy of it, and understandably in the climate, so it's like he's a man out of time, and a man out of place.

KYLE RAYNER'S AN ARTIST, BUT HAL'S A FIGHTER. WHAT'S YOUR TAKE ON HAL'S CONSTRUCTS?

MORRISON: With Hal, I think it's so simple and direct. That's why it comes out as giant hands, and giant hammers, and giant nails–very specific, physical things. But we're also going back to some of the earlier ideas of the ring. It doesn't just make constructs, it's a magical wishing ring to a certain extent, and it can do almost anything.

SHARP: There're little subtle things, like we've got one of the other Green Lanterns, he manifests a monocle and it's just hovering in front of him. And there's a severed finger that's flying around with the ring, too.

HOW DOES THE BACK-AND-FORTH OF MAPPING OUT THE STORY WORK BETWEEN YOU TWO?

MORRISON: I know how good [Liam] is and I know what he can do, and the scripts are tailored toward that. It's very much a collaboration, and I can let go and let him do things, and when I see the artwork I can slightly change dialogue, or change descriptions.

SHARP: There was a joy in Grant's scripts when they came in–just a glee about this universe that he's creating, that he's back in again, and all of the things about our particular loves and references from the past. Panel two on page two was something like three pages long. I think I got most of it! ■

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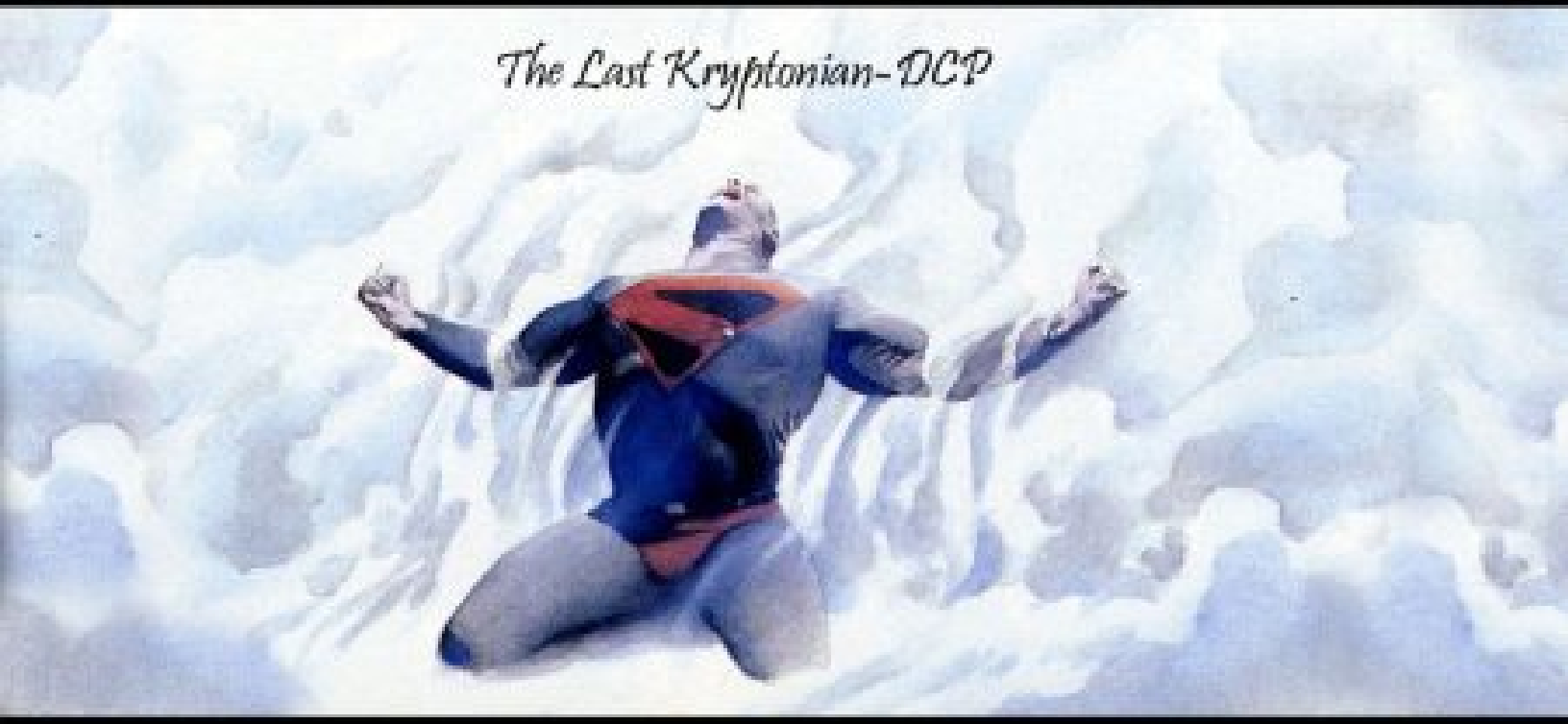
The Last Kryptonian-DCP